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Movie  
Classic

NO. 1300

# THE COMANCHEROS



HOW WERE THE COMANCHES GETTING RIFLES?  
COMANCHERO VALLEY HELD THE SECRET THE  
TEXAS RANGERS HAD TO LEARN.

ADAPTED FROM THE MOTION PICTURE

20th Century-Fox presents

# THE COMANCHEROS

CAST

Cutter... **JOHN WAYNE**

Regret... **STUART WHITMAN** • Pilai... **INA BALIN**  
Graila... **NEHEMIAH PEROFF** • Crow... **LEE MARVIN**  
Amelung... **MICHAEL ANSARA** • Tobe... **PAT WAYNE**  
Major Henry... **BRUCE CABOT** • Melinda... **JOAN O'BRIEN**  
Horseface... **JACK ELAM** • Judge Bean... **EDGAR BUCHANAN**  
Gileaux... **HENRY DANIELL** • Estevan... **RICHARD DEVON**

Produced by **GEORGE SHERMAN**

Directed by **MICHAEL CURTIZ**

Screen Play by **JAMES EDWARD GRANT** and **CLAIR HUFFAKER**

Based on the Novel by **PAUL I. WELLMAN**

Color by **DE LUXE**

A CinemaScope Picture



Texas Ranger Jake Cutter picks up Paul Regret who is wanted for killing a man in a duel in Louisiana. On the way to Ranger headquarters...



... they stop at a ranch house for food. They are attacked by a large war party of Comanches. During the fighting, Regret sees an opportunity to get away.



He escapes on a loose Indian horse. Instead of running away, he rides for help and returns in time with a troop of Rangers who rout the Comanches...



Regret is freed from custody and becomes a Texas Ranger. He and Cutter try to find the Comancheros, a band of outlawed men who trade guns to the Indians.



Finding and destroying Comanchero Valley, they are chased by Comanches and once again have to fight for their lives. They are saved by Rangers.

# THE COMANCHEROS

IT IS MY SOLEMN DUTY, GENTLEMEN,  
TO OFFER YOU ONE LAST CHANCE  
TO SETTLE YOUR DISPUTE WITHOUT  
BLOODSHED.

I ACCEPT THE  
OFFER.

ONLY A MAN WHO  
IS AFRAID TO DIE  
WOULD BACK OUT  
NOW.

AT A SECLUDED SPOT NEAR  
NEW ORLEANS, PAUL REGRET  
AND EMILE BEAUBIEN MEET  
AT DAWN, THE NIGHT BEFORE,  
AT A CARD GAME, EMILE  
HAD CHALLENGED PAUL.

I ACCEPT  
THE  
REASON  
TOO.

YOU HAVE CHEATED ME  
AT CARDS, M'SIEUR. YOU  
WILL NOT CHEAT ME OF  
SATISFACTION. AT LEAST  
TRY TO DIE LIKE A  
GENTLEMAN.

IF IT'S ALL  
THE SAME  
TO YOU,  
I'LL TRY  
NOT TO.

SINCE THERE IS NO RECONCILI-  
ATION, WE PROCEED. PLEASE  
STAND WITH YOUR BACKS TO ONE  
ANOTHER. WHEN I BEGIN TO  
COUNT, YOU WILL EACH TAKE  
TEN PACES, TURN AND FIRE AT  
THE COUNT OF TEN. GOOD  
LUCK.

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AS EACH MAN REACHED HIS TENTH STEP, HE TURNED. REGRET FIRED FIRST. AS HE DID, BEAUBIEN STEPPED QUICKLY TO ONE SIDE.



REGRET SLOWLY LOWERED HIS GUN AND STARED INCREDULOUSLY AT BEAUBIEN. HIS BODY TENSED AND HIS EYES NARROWED AS HE BRACED HIMSELF FOR HIS OPPONENT'S SHOT.



BEAUBIEN TOOK HIS TIME. ALL THE TIME HE HAD. SUDDENLY, HE CRUMPLED TO THE GRASS.



YOUR SHOT WAS FATAL, PAUL.

WHAT DEVILISH LUCK! IF HE HADN'T STEPPED ASIDE, I'D HAVE HIT HIM IN THE SHOULDER.



YOU'VE DONE NEW ORLEANS A FAVOR. MANY OF US WILL BE SORRY TO SEE YOU HANG.

HANG? THEY'VE NEVER ENFORCED THE LAWS AGAINST DUELING BEFORE!

THE SON OF JUDGE BEAUBIEN HAS NEVER BEEN KILLED BEFORE.



IT'S A SHAME BUT WHEN ONE HAS PROVEN ONESELF ON THE FIELD OF HONOR, ONE CANNOT TURN TAIL AND RUN LIKE A COMMON CRIMINAL. CAN ONE?

ONE CAN!



SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER, ON A STEAM-BOAT MAKING ITS WAY TO GALVESTON TEXAS.

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? I SENT YOU ON AN ERRAND. WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT?

HE IS REGISTERED AS PAUL REGRET. HE HAS NO LUGGAGE.



YOU COULD MEET HIM WITHOUT SENDING ME TO SNOOP OUT HIS NAME. YOU JUST WANT TO HUMILIATE ME... TO HURT MY PRIDE.

ARE YOU PROUD AMELUNG? SOME SAY THAT PRIDE GOES BEFORE A FALL... I WILL NOT NEED EITHER OF YOU UNTIL MORNING.



PILAR WENT TO THE SHIP'S DANCE FLOOR AND WAITED. THEN...

YOUNG LADY, WOULD YOU FAVOR AN OLD MAN WITH THIS WALTZ?

I AM SORRY, SIR, BUT THIS DANCE IS TAKEN... AND HERE IS THE GENTLEMAN WHO HAS IT. SURELY YOU REMEMBER WE HAVE THIS DANCE, MR. REGRET?



REGRET WOULDN'T HAVE LIVED THIS LONG IF HE WASN'T A QUICK THINKER. HE GRASPED THE SITUATION AT ONCE.

I HAVE A POOR MEMORY... BUT NOT FOR MATTERS OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE. EXCUSE US, SIR.

WITH ENVY, BUT I EXCUSE YOU, YOUNG MAN.



HOW DID YOU KNOW MY NAME?

THAT WAS FORTUNATE. I HEARD THE HEADWAITER ADDRESS YOU BY NAME.



AFTER A FEW MOMENTS, THEY LEFT THE DANCE FLOOR AND...

I DARESAY THE SALON WILL BE FULL OF CIGAR SMOKE AND LOUD TALK. TOO BAD, I WOULD LIKE A GLASS OF WINE.

MAY I SUGGEST MY CABIN?



FRANKLY, I PREFER MY CABIN. I WILL ORDER THE WINE SHALL WE SAY CABIN 127 IN TWENTY MINUTES?

DON'T WAIT FOR ME. I'M NOT WORTH THE EFFORT, PILAR ... IF THAT IS YOUR NAME, AS YOU SEE ... I HAVEN'T BEEN LUCKY AT THE TABLES.

WHAT DO YOU TAKE ME FOR?

A LIAR TO START WITH. NO WAITER HAS SO FAR CALLED ME BY NAME. I'M SORRY, MY DEAR, BUT WHEN THE IRATE HUSBAND APPEARED, YOU WOULD FIND MY POCKETS EMPTY.

YOU THINK ME A BLACKMAILER?

WHATEVER YOUR GAME IS, THE TROPHY IS NOT WORTH THE CHASE.

THE SMALLEST DIAMOND IN THE RING COULD BUY AND SELL YOU, PAUL. REGRET, WHY SHOULD I WANT MONEY FROM YOU?

EXPERIENCE HAS TAUGHT ME, THAT POTS OF GOLD ARE NOT FOUND AT THE END OF RAINBOWS.

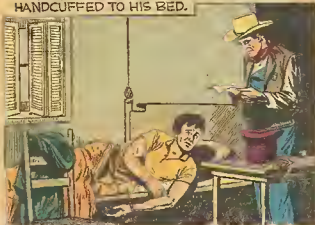
WOULD YOU FIND IT ODD IF A MAN WITH MONEY AND BORED, CONSIDERED ALL THE WOMEN ABOARD, SELECTED ONE AND MADE EVERY EFFORT TO BECOME ACQUAINTED WITH HER?

YOU CONSIDERED AND THEN SELECTED ME OUT OF ALL THE MEN ON THE BOAT?

DO NOT BECOME TOO SWELL-HEADED, IT'S NOT A VERY LARGE BOAT.

CABIN 127... IN TWENTY MINUTES.

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, THE BOAT DOCKED AT GALVESTON. REGRET AWOKE TO FIND A STRANGER IN HIS ROOM READING HIS MAIL, AND HIMSELF HANDCUFFED TO HIS BED.



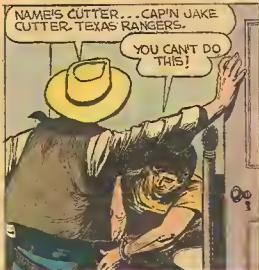
THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR A SUIT! THIS TAILOR IS SURE GOING TO BE HOT IF HE DON'T GET THAT MONEY. 'COARSE HE'LL GET A LOT OF ADVERTISING WHEN YOU STAND UP ON THE GALLOWES WEARING THAT SUIT HE MADE FOR YOU.



WHO ARE YOU?

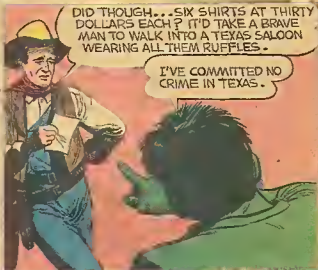
NAME'S CUTTER... CAPIN JAKE CUTTER. TEXAS RANGERS.

YOU CAN'T DO THIS!



DID THOUGH... SIX SHIRTS AT THIRTY DOLLARS EACH? IT'D TAKE A BRAVE MAN TO WALK INTO A TEXAS SALOON WEARING ALL THEM RUFFLES.

I'VE COMMITTED NO CRIME IN TEXAS.



RIGHT.. KILLED A MAN IN LOUISIANA. MY JOB'S TO TAKE YOU TO RANGER HEAD-QUARTERS WHERE YOU'LL BE PICKED UP BY LOUISIANA POLICE. DOWN IN TEXAS WE'RE GETTING REAL OBLIGING TO THE STATES BECAUSE WE WANT TO JOIN THE UNION. THIS BILL IS ADDRESSED TO **MONSEWER** PAUL REGRET. THAT'S THE FRENCH WAY OF SAYING MISTER, AIN'T IT?



THERE'S A COUPLE OF HUNDRED IN GOLD IN MY POCKET. GIVE YOU ANY IDEAS, MY FRIEND?

MONSEWER, I GOT WHAT YOU'D CON-SIDER A FAILING.. I'M HONEST.. START GETTING INTO THAT THIRTY DOLLAR SHIRT... AND I'M NOT YOUR FRIEND.



AFTER REGRET HAD DRESSED THEY WENT TO A LIVERY STABLE NEAR THE DOCKS.

THIS TRIP WILL TAKE FIVE DAYS YOU SAY?

ABOUT.



ME HAVING TO RIDE THAT MULE WILL SLOW US DOWN.

SAD, BUT ON THE OTHER HAND, IF YOU SHOULD TAKE OFF FOR THE TALL AND UNCUT I COULD EASY RUN YOU DOWN.



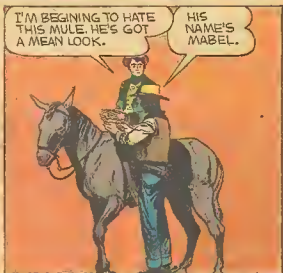
HOW DO WE EAT?

AIN'T YOU EVER BEEN OUT IN THE FRESH AIR? SIDE OF BACON, BEANS, FRYING PAN AND COFFEE POT. ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME. ALL RIGHT MONSEWER, STEP UP.



I'M BEGINING TO HATE THIS MULE. HE'S GOT A MEAN LOOK.

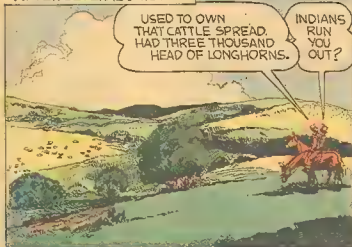
HIS NAME'S MABEL.



AFTER SEVERAL DAYS..

USED TO OWN THAT CATTLE SPREAD. HAD THREE THOUSAND HEAD OF LONGHORNS.

INDIANS RUN YOU OUT?



NOPE, INDIANS WEREN'T ANY TROUBLE 'TILL JUST A FEW YEARS AGO..I GAVE THE SPREAD TO SOME BOYS WORKING FOR ME..MY WIFE DIED.



SOMETIME LATER, THEY CAME UPON AN ADOBE RANCHHOUSE THAT HAD BEEN VISITED BY INDIANS.



THEY MADE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE HORROR AND FOUND A MUTILATED OOL.



AS CUTTER PUT AWAY THE HANDCUFFS, REGRET THREW A SHOVEL FULL OF DIRT INTO HIS FACE AND...



REGRET RODE AWAY ON CUTTER'S HORSE. WHEN CUTTER CAME TO, HE BURIED THE VICTIMS OF THE INDIAN ATTACK, MOUNTED THE MULE AND RODE TO RANGER HEADQUARTERS. SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

HELLO, BIG JAKE, LOST ANY PRISONERS LATELY?

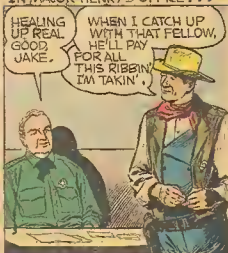
YOU WANT TO DIE YOUNG, JOE? HE'S TOUCHY ABOUT THAT.



IN MAJOR HENRY'S OFFICE...

HEALING UP REAL GOOD, JAKE.

WHEN I CATCH UP WITH THAT FELLOW, HE'LL PAY FOR ALL THIS RIBBIN' I'M TAKIN'.



JAKE, I'VE GOT SOMETHING THAT MAY PROVE THAT THEORY YOU'VE BEEN BENDING OUR EARS WITH.

A GANG RUNNING THE COMANCHES OPERATIONS.



JUST THAT. LET'S GO OVER TO THE JAIL.

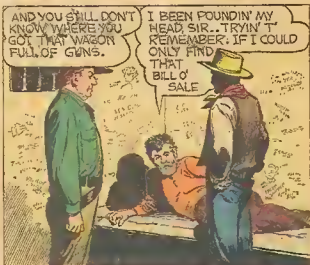


AT THE JAIL, THEY QUESTIONED A PRISONER GOING BY THE NAME OF ED MC BAIN.

IT'S MY DUTY TO TELL YA ALL I KNOW, SIR... WHICH AIN'T NOTHIN'... WELL I MET A MAN IN YUMA. SAID I'D GET THE BEST PRICE FOR MY GUNS FROM THEM COMANCHEROS. SAID IF I'D GO TO SWEETWATER AN' CHECK IN AT THE HOTEL, I'D BEGOT IN TOUCH WITH. BUT I NEVER DID KNOW BY WHO.

AND YOU STILL DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU GOT THAT WAGON FULL OF GUNS.

I BEEN POUNDIN' MY HEAD, SIR..TRYIN' T' REMEMBER: IF I COULD ONLY FIND THAT BILL O' SALE



I THINK HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH ABOUT ONE THING... IT'S THE FIRST TIME HE'S BROUGHT GUNS INTO TEXAS.

AND THE LAST / AN' BLESS YA FOR BELIEVIN' ME.

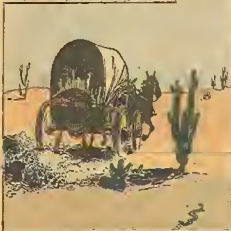


I BELIEVE IT BECAUSE I KNOW WHERE HE SPENT THE LAST FIVE YEARS... YUMA TERRITORIAL PRISON. SO THERE'S A CHANCE THE COMANCHEROS DON'T KNOW HIM BY SIGHT.

I TAKE HIS PLACE.. TAKE THE GUNS TO SWEETWATER.. MAKE THE CONTACT.



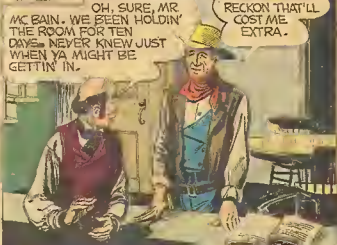
AND SO THE FOLLOWING MORNING, CUTTER SET OUT FOR SWEETWATER.



WHEN HE ARRIVED, HE REGISTERED AT THE HOTEL. . .

OH, SURE, MR MC BAIN. WE BEEN HOLDIN' THE ROOM FOR TEN DAYS. NEVER KNEW JUST WHEN YA MIGHT BE GETTIN' IN.

RECKON THAT'LL COST ME EXTRA.



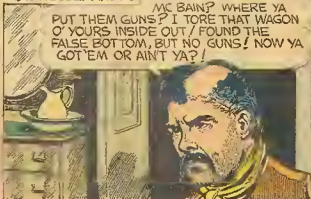
COST YOU NOTHIN'. ALL BEEN TAKEN CARE OF. YESSIR, BEST ROOM IN THE HOUSE. YOUR FRIEND SAYS T' TELL YOU YOUR MONEY AIN'T NO GOOD. SAYS ANYTHING YOU WANT IS ON HIM.

PRETTY GOOD FRIEND, AIN'T HE?



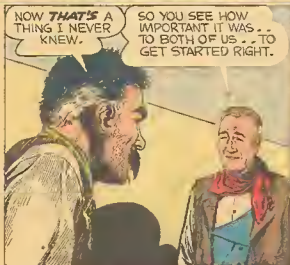
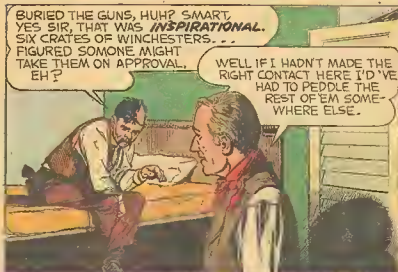
CUTTER WAITED ANXIOUSLY FOR THE CONTACT TO BE MADE. SEVERAL HOURS WENT BY.. THEN THERE CAME A VIOLENT RAPPING AT THE DOOR. CUTTER OPENED IT VERY CAUTIOUSLY AND..

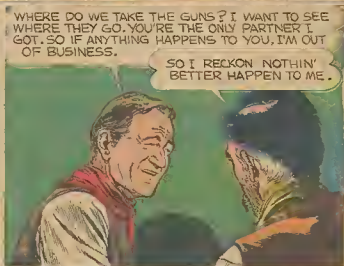
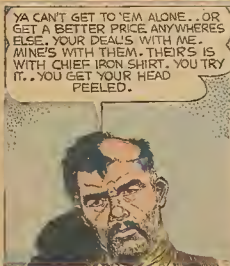
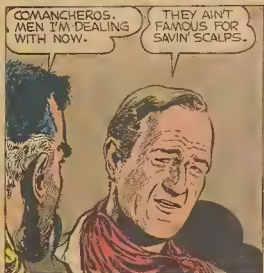
MC BAIN? WHERE YA PUT THEM GUNS? I TORE THAT WAGON O' YOURS INSIDE OUT / FOUND THE FALSE BOTTOM, BUT NO GUNS! NOW YA GOT'EM OR AIN'T YA?!





YOU WHAT? NOW WHAT KIND O' SNEAKY SOMETHIN' IS THAT? THAT'S SURE A DISTRUSTFUL WAY T' START OFF A DEAL!





THE TWO WENT OUT FOR DINNER. THEN THEY JOINED A POKER GAME.

ROOM FOR MORE MEN AND MORE MONEY... IF THEY DON'T MIND BEING SEPARATED

BETTER WARN YA, BOYS. I'M A BAD LOSER.



AS CUTTER TOOK HIS SEAT HE MOMENTARILY FROZE AS HE FOUND HIMSELF STARING AT... PAUL REGRET.



AFTER A LONG MOMENT, CUTTER SAT DOWN, EXTENDED HIS BIG HAND AND INTRODUCED HIMSELF, HOPING REGRET WOULD GO ALONG WITH HIM.

MY NAME'S ED MC BAIN.

REGRET IMMEDIATELY REALIZED HE NEED NOT BE AFRAID OF THE RANGER. SOMEHOW, HE HAD CUTTER AT A DISADVANTAGE. REGRET DECIDED TO GO ALONG. ENJOYING EVERY MOMENT OF HIS PRESENT POSITION...

ALL RIGHT...

MINE'S TULLY CROW.



AFTER ALL INTRODUCTIONS WERE MADE, THE GAME PROCEEDED. AFTER A WHILE...

CAN'T SEEM T' LOSE T'NIGHT, CAN YA PARTNER? THINK THE LEAST A MAN'S PARTNER COULD DO FOR HIM IS LET HIM WIN ONE NOW AND THEN.

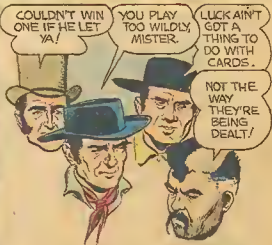


COULDN'T WIN ONE IF HE LET YA!

YOU PLAY TOO WILDLY, MISTER.

LUCK AIN'T GOT A THING TO DO WITH CARDS.

NOT THE WAY THEY'RE BEING DEALT!





I THINK YOU BETTER  
BEG-YOUR-PARDON,  
CROW.

WHAT FOR? I  
DON'T MIND BEIN'  
TOOK, MCBAIN. I  
JUST LIKE A RUN  
FOR MY MONEY.



YOU CAN  
HAVE YOUR  
MONEY  
BACK.

DON'T DO ME ANY  
FAVORS, JUST TRY  
DEALING A STRAIGHT  
HAND!



NO CALL FOR  
THAT KIND OF  
TALK, MISTER.

WATCH  
YOUR  
STEP...

FORGET IT. HE'S  
JUST SPITTIN'  
WORDS TO SEE  
HOW THEY  
SPLATTER.

YOU THINK I DIDN'T  
SEE THAT LOOK  
YOU PASSED TO  
THIS SLICK-  
FINGERED  
GENTLEMAN 'ON  
MY LEFT WHEN WE  
FIRST SAT DOWN?  
HOW MANY  
PARTNERS YOU  
GOT IN THIS GAME,  
PARTNER?



THAT'S  
THE  
WHISKEY  
TALKING,  
CROW.

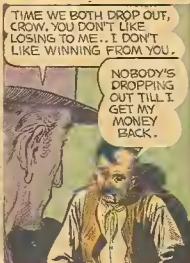
WHISKEY DON'T  
MUDDLE ME...  
YOU KEEP  
THAT IN MIND  
WHILE YOU'RE  
RUNNIN' YOUR  
THUMB OVER  
THEM CARDS.

AS THE OTHERS MOVED AWAY FROM THE TABLE, CUTTER SLOWLY ROSE TO HIS FEET, SWEEPING HIS WINNINGS INTO HIS HAT.



I HAD ENOUGH.  
I'M OUT.

OH NO YOU AIN'T. NOT  
TILL I SAY SO.



TIME WE BOTH DROP OUT,  
CROW. YOU DON'T LIKE  
LOSING TO ME... I DON'T  
LIKE WINNING FROM YOU.

NOBODY'S  
DROPPING  
OUT TILL I  
GET MY  
MONEY  
BACK.



CUTTER TURNED AND STARTED FOR THE DOOR.



CROW GAVE IT SOME THOUGHT, BUT NOT MUCH. HIS HAND WENT FOR HIS GUN. CUTTER SPUN, DREW AND FIRED IN THE SPLIT SECOND BEFORE CROW'S SHOT EXPLODED.



A FEW MOMENTS AFTER CUTTER RODE OFF WITH REGRET, PILAR AND HER TWO ESCORTS STEPPED UP TO THE HOTEL DESK. . .

MR GRAILE,  
PLEASE.

THE CORNER  
SUITE.

RATHER FLATTERING.  
THE OLD MAN IS  
CONSIDERABLY  
UGLIER THAN THAT.

FLATTERY IS AS  
EFFECTIVE WITH  
BARBARIANS AS  
WITH CIVILIZED  
PEOPLE. YOU  
HAVEN'T ASKED  
ABOUT MY  
HEALTH.

AMELUNG TOLD ME YOU SOON WILL DIE.  
WHAT IS INEVITABLE, IS INEVITABLE. I  
REGRET YOUR CONDITION. . . FOR SEVERAL  
REASONS. FOR ONE IT CUT SHORT MY TRIP  
AND I REGRET THAT YOU WILL NO LONGER  
BE ABLE TO BEAR THE BURDEN OF OUR  
MANY INTERESTS AND I WILL HAVE TO.  
BUT QUITE HONESTLY, I MUST REALIZE  
THAT DEATH COMES TO THE OLD AND THAT  
YOU, MY FATHER, ARE OLD.

OF COURSE. AS TO THE  
RESPONSIBILITIES,  
WELL, AMELUNG SEEMS  
TO FEEL HE MIGHT  
HELP YOU WITH THEM.

AMELUNG  
IS A  
FOOL.

I ORDERED YOU TO  
MEET ME HERE NINE  
DAYS AGO. I HAVE  
BEEN FORCED TO WAIT  
ALL THIS TIME IN THIS  
FRONTIER SINKHOLE.

IT'S HER FAULT WE'RE LATE.  
WE WERE TWO DAYS OUT  
OF GALVESTON WHEN  
SUDDENLY SHE WENT  
BACK. . . AND THEN TO NEW  
ORLEANS. . . ASKING EVERY-  
WHERE. . . EVERYONE. . .  
ABOUT PAUL REGRET.

PAUL  
REGRET?

A MAN. . . A  
DANDIFIED  
PETTY GAMBLER  
SHE MET ON  
THE BOAT.

THE  
JOURNEY  
WAS DUSTY.  
IF YOU DON'T  
MIND, PAPA,  
I WILL FRESHEN  
UP.

THE FOLLOWING DAY, ON THE TRAIL...

IT IS HOT. VERY HOT. THIS IS UNCIVILIZED!

THAT'S THE ONE THING I'VE NEVER BEEN ACCUSED OF **MONSEWER**. BEING CIVILIZED... ESPECIALLY TO PEOPLE WHO BEND SHOVELS OVER MY FACE.



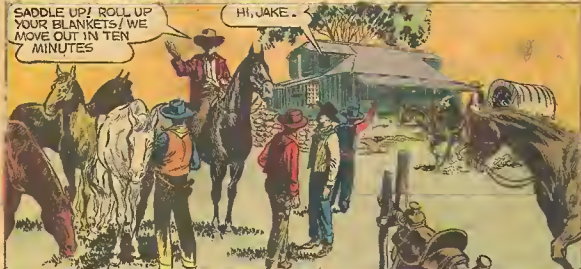
THEN I PRESUME YOU WILL NOT TAKE MY WORD OF HONOR THAT I WOULD BEHAVE IF YOU PERMITTED ME IN THE WAGON?

YOU PRESUME RIGHT **MONSEWER**.



SADDLE UP! ROLL UP YOUR BLANKETS! WE MOVE OUT IN TEN MINUTES

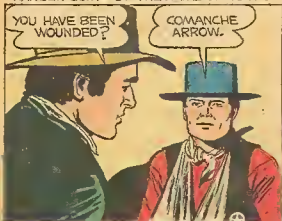
HI, JAKE.



AS CUTTER WENT OFF TO TALK TO MAJOR HENRY, REGRET TURNED TO A RANGER GOING BY THE NAME OF TOBE.

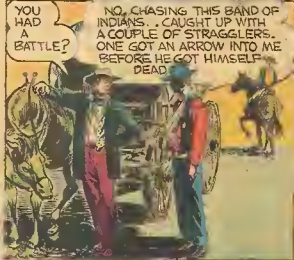
YOU HAVE BEEN WOUNDED?

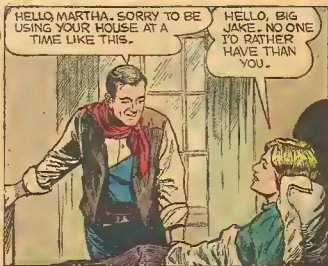
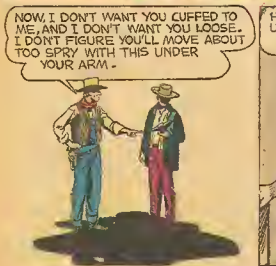
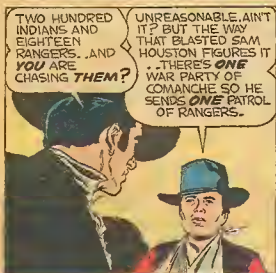
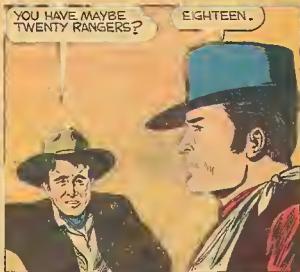
COMANCHE ARROW.



YOU HAD A BATTLE?

NO, CHASING THIS BAND OF INDIANS... CAUGHT UP WITH A COUPLE OF STRAGGLERS. ONE GOT AN ARROW INTO ME BEFORE HE GOT HIMSELF DEAD.





THE MEN JUST FINISHED EATING WHEN MRS. SCHOFIELD'S SCREAM SENT THEM RUNNING TO HER ROOM. THEY SAW A BAND OF COMANCHES JUST ACROSS THE FORK OF A LITTLE RIVER.



AS THE MEN BROKE FOR THE DOORS AND WINDOWS, THE INDIANS RACED THEIR HORSES THROUGH THE SHALLOW RIVER. THEIR WHOOPING ASSAILING THE AIR.



THOUGH STILL CUFFED TO THE ANVIL, REGRET TOOK CUTTER'S GUN AND STARTED FIRING.

PRETTY GOOD SHOT WITH A HAND GUN. RECKON YOU'LL SHOOT BETTER WITHOUT THE CUFFS.



DURING A LULL IN THE ATTACK, CUTTER DROVE OUT AND RAN TO A PLACE BEHIND A STACK OF GRAIN SACKS. REGRET ALSO CAME OUT AND SAW THE LOOSE HORSE OF THE LAST KILLED INDIAN.

REGRET MOVED BEHIND CUTTER, JUMPED ON THE SADDLELESS HORSE AND RACED OUT. CUTTER LOOKED UP AND SWUNG HIS RIFLE UP TO SIGHT ON REGRET'S VANISHING BACK. BUT TOBE STOPPED HIM. . .

HOLD IT/ YOU MAY NEED THAT CARTRIDGE ALMIGHTY BAD. GUESS YOU LOST THAT FELLOW AGAIN.



WITHIN A FEW MINUTES, THEY WERE TOO BUSY TO THINK ABOUT PAUL REGRET.



SUDDENLY, THE RANGERS CAME RIDING BACK. LEO BY PAUL REGRET.



SOON AFTER ALL THE INDIANS HAD BEEN EITHER KILLED OR DRIVEN OFF, THE MEN WERE STARTLED BY THE HIGH WAIL OF A NEW-BORN BABY.



IF IT WASN'T FOR **MONSEWER**, THAT YOUNG FELLOW WOULD NEVER GROW UP TO TELL LIES ABOUT WHAT A FINE PLACE TEXAS IS.

JAKE, I'M GOING TO NAME HIM AFTER YOU. WE'LL CALL HIM CUTTER SCHOFIELD.

APPRECIATE THE HONOR... BUT IT'S BEST YOU NAME HIM REGRET, AFTER **MONSEWER** HERE.



REGRET SCHOFIELD... THAT'S FINE. IF I HAD A DROP, I'D DRINK TO THAT.

SO HAPPENS THERE'S A JUG IN THE WELL HOUSE.



LATER, AS CUTTER WAS ONCE AGAIN TAKING REGRET TO RANGER HEADQUARTERS, HE STOPPED TO FIX SOME RANGE FENCE. THEN...

IF IT WAS UP TO ME, IT'D BE DIFFERENT.

WHO ELSE IS IT UP TO? THERE'S JUST YOU AND ME.



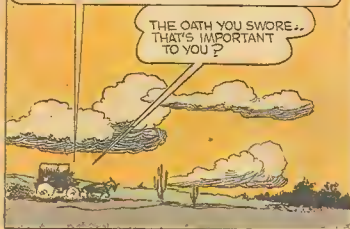
YEAH BELIEVE ME, **MONSEWER** I THOUGHT ON IT. I GAVE MYSELF A LOT OF ARGUMENT. LET HIM RUN, I SAY TO MYSELF.

AND THEN WHAT DO YOU SAY?



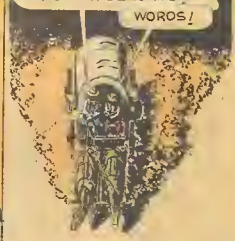
THEN I SAY BACK TO MYSELF: "YOU CAN'T LET HIM RUN. YOU SWORE AN OATH WHEN YOU PINNED THAT BADGE ON YOUR SHIRT."

THE OATH YOU SWORE.. THAT'S IMPORTANT TO YOU?



YEA, THAT'S IMPORTANT TO ME. WOULDN'T IT BE TO YOU?

WORDS!



**MONSEWER**, WORDS IS WHAT MEN LIVE BY... WORDS THEY SAY AND MEAN. YOU MUST HAVE HAD A REAL CARELESS BRINGING UP. HOWEVER...



...WE'LL STOP AND EAT WITH THESE PEOPLE, AND IT WOULDN'T BE GOOD FOR THE KIDS TO SEE YOU CUFFED. AND PLEASE **MONSEWER**, DON'T BREAK AND RUN. IT'D BREAK MY HEART DID I HAVE TO DROP YOU WITH A BULLET IN THE BACK.

THAT WOULD MAKE ME SAD TOO.



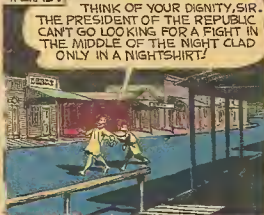
SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER, THE WALLS AT RANGER HEADQUARTERS RANG WITH THE STRAINS OF THE FRENCH NATIONAL ANTHEM. A RANGER JUST IN OFF THE TRAIL, WAS SURPRISED TO FIND...



WHAT'S THAT?

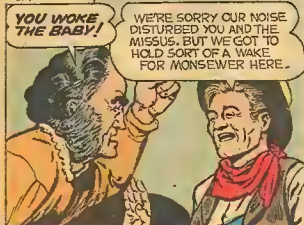
FRENCH! THAT'S WHAT THAT IS. **MONSEWER** TAUGHT US.

AND COMING TOWARD THE JAIL WAS NONE OTHER THAN SAM HOUSTON, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF TEXAS.



THINK OF YOUR DIGNITY, SIR. THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC CAN'T GO LOOKING FOR A FIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT CLAD ONLY IN A NIGHTSHIRT!

HOUSTON PAID NO ATTENTION TO HIS SECRETARY AND WALKED RIGHT INTO THE JAIL...



**YOU WOKE THE BABY!**

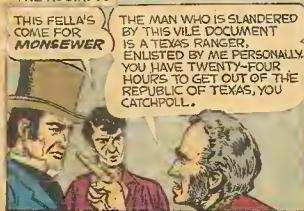
WE'RE SORRY OUR NOISE DISTURBED YOU AND THE MISSUS. BUT WE GOT TO HOLD SORT OF A WAKE FOR **MONSEWER** HERE.

THIS BOY SIDED WITH US IN QUITE A LITTLE DISAGREEMENT WITH A COMANCHE WAR PARTY. AND NOW THE STATE OF TEXAS IS GOING TO EXTRADITE HIM BACK TO NEW ORLEANS WHERE HE'S GOING TO GET HUNG.



LET'S COUNCIL -- GIVE ME THE WHOLE STORY.

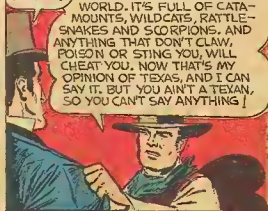
WHEN THE WHOLE STORY WAS TOLD, HOUSTON PROMPTLY JOINED THE PARTY. A SHORT TIME LATER, A STRANGER ENTERED THE ROOM...



THIS FELLA'S COME FOR **MONSEWER**

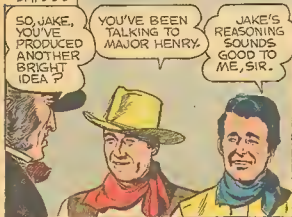
THE MAN WHO IS SLANDERED BY THIS VILE DOCUMENT IS A TEXAS RANGER, ENLISTED BY ME PERSONALLY. YOU HAVE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS TO GET OUT OF THE REPUBLIC OF TEXAS, YOU CATCHPOLL.

SO THAT'S **TEXAS** JUSTICE!



MISTER, TEXAS IS A PLACE WHERE YOU CAN RIDE FARTHER, AND SEE LESS THAN ANYWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD. IT'S FULL OF CATAMOUNTS, WILDCATS, RATTLE-SNAKES AND SCORPIONS. AND ANYTHING THAT DON'T CLAW, POISON OR STING YOU, WILL CHEAT YOU. NOW THAT'S MY OPINION OF TEXAS, AND I CAN SAY IT. BUT YOU AIN'T A TEXAN, SO YOU CAN'T SAY ANYTHING!

AFTER A PERIOD OF HARD TRAINING, REGRET TOOK HIS PLACE AS A TEXAS RANGER AND BECAME CUTTER'S TRAIL PARTNER. ONE DAY...



SO, JAKE, YOU'VE PRODUCED ANOTHER BRIGHT IDEA?

YOU'VE BEEN TALKING TO MAJOR HENRY.

JAKE'S REASONING SOUNDS GOOD TO ME, SIR.

I DON'T KNOW. I THINK COMANCHERO IS JUST PIDGIN SPANISH FOR THE WORD COMANCHE. YOU THINK IT DESCRIBES SOME SORT OF INNER CIRCLE... SOME SORT OF GOVERNMENT BEHIND THE INDIAN TRIBES?

I'D BET MY LIFE...



YOU'RE ABOUT TO... AND **MONSEWER**, TOO... AND TOBE. LET ME SEE THAT COUP STICK LANCE YOU THINK MEANS SO MUCH.

CUTTER WENT OUT AND BROUGHT IN A LANCE WITH A BANNER ON IT.

AND YOU FIGURE THIS EMBLEM WILL PROTECT YOUR SCALP THROUGH A THOUSAND MILES OF COMANCHE TERRITORY... AND YOU'LL GET AWAY WITH MASQUERADING AS GUN RUNNERS?

OF COURSE I COULD BE WRONG.



THE FOLLOWING DAY CUTTER AND JAKE RODE OUT IN SEARCH OF THE COMANCHEROS. THEY WERE TRAILED BY TOBE. THEY KEPT IN CONTACT BY REFLECTIONS.

I HAVE OFTEN HAD EVERY PENNY I OWNED ON THE TURN OF A CARD. BUT NEVER MY LIFE ON A BUNDLE OF FEATHERS

CLAIM TO BE A GAMBLER, DON'T YOU?



THIS MAY CURE ME... PERMANENTLY. WHY SO CAREFUL WITH THAT FRYING PAN? WE'RE ALONE IN THE MIDDLE OF A THOUSAND MILES OF UGLY TEXAS COUNTRY.

DON'T BET ON THAT, GAMBLER. COMANCHE SPECIALTY IS NOT BEING SEEN.



AFTER RIDING ALONG FDR SEVERAL OAYS WITHOUT A SIGN OF INDIANS. . .

NOW WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT IF WE'VE GOT THE PASSWORD. AND DON'T BET THAT HE'S ALONE, EITHER. I DO HOPE TOBE ISN'T TAKING A NAP.



TOBE WAS INDEED **NOT** SLEEPING. FROM A DISTANCE, HE WAS WATCHING HIS FRIENDS THROUGH BINOCULARS.



AFTER RIDING ALONG QUIETLY FOR A WHILE, THE INDIANS SUDDENLY CAME RACING DOWN THE SLDGES, WHOOPING AND YELLING. . .

COMANCHEROS/  
COMANCHEROS!

WE'RE AMONG  
FRIENDS.



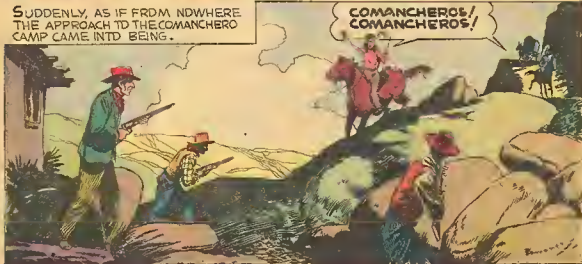
AS THE INDIANS PASSED THE WAGON, SEVERAL WALLOPED. THE HORSES' RUMPS WITH QUIRTS AND THEY BROKE INTO A MAD GALLOP.

WHEREVER WE'RE GOING  
WE'RE GOING IN A HURRY.



SUDDENLY, AS IF FROM NOWHERE THE APPROACH TO THE COMANCHERO CAMP CAME INTO BEING.

COMANCHEROS/  
COMANCHEROS!

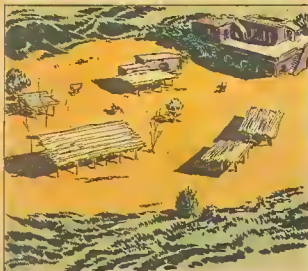


THE SENTRIES, NOTING THE COUP STICK,  
PASSED THEM THROUGH.



A MAN COULD RIDE  
WITHIN HALF A  
MILE AND NEVER  
KNOW THIS CANYON  
WAS HERE.

AND IF HE RIDES  
LIKE THIS, HE  
WOULDN'T GET  
OUT TO EXPLAIN  
THAT.. LOOK!



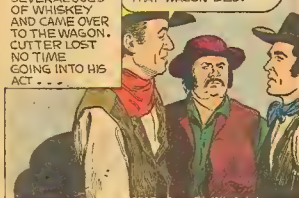
AS THEY FINALLY CAME TO A HALT,  
THE INDIANS YELLED.

WHISKEY!  
WHISKEY!



A COMANCHERO,  
HORSEFACE BY  
NAME, GAVE  
THE INDIANS  
SEVERAL JUGS  
OF WHISKEY  
AND CAME OVER  
TO THE WAGON.  
CUTTER LOST  
NO TIME  
GOING INTO HIS  
ACT...

MY NAME'S MCBAIN. I'VE  
GOT GUNS AND I WANT TO  
DO BUSINESS.  
**MONSEWER** DROP  
THAT WAGON-BED.



REGRET PULLED A LEVER AND THE  
FALSE BOTTOM OF THE WAGON-BED  
FELL DOWN, REVEALING...

SEVENTY-TWO  
RIFLES..JUST  
LIKE THIS.



AS SOON AS HORSEFACE HAD CUTTER'S RIFLE, HE POINTED THE MUZZLE RIGHT IN CUTTER'S FACE. BIG JAKE REACTED BY JERKING UP THE RIFLE AND...



MONSEWER, START HANDING THOSE GUNS AROUND!



CUTTER HANDED ONE OF THE NEW RIFLES TO HORSEFACE.



LOOK AT IT / NO FIRING PIN / CATCH ON, YOU UGLY APE? NOW GET YOUR BOSS OUT HERE SO WE CAN TALK SOME SENSE.

HORSEFACE RAPPED A BELL AS A SIGNAL. THE CROWD PARTED TO MAKE AN AISLE FOR THE APPROACHING MAN.



YOU LOOK LIKE YOU COULD BE THE BOSS MAN.

THE NEWCOMER WAS NONE OTHER THAN THE FELLOW WHO HAD INVESTIGATED REGRET MONTHS BACK ON THE RIVERBOAT. HE SMILED SAVAGELY AS HE LOOKED AT THE RANGER.

WE BROUGHT IN SOME GUNS, WITHOUT FIRING PINS. THEY'RE USELESS TO YOU UNLESS YOU WANT TO DO BUSINESS WITH US.



SUDDENLY, AMELUNG SCREAMED SOMETHING IN SPANISH. THE CROWD IMMEDIATELY SWARMED OVER THE RANGERS AND MADE THEM PRISONERS.

YOUR VISIT HAS MADE ME VERY HAPPY.



BEFORE LONG, THE BROILING SUN  
BEGAN TO TAKE ITS TOLL.

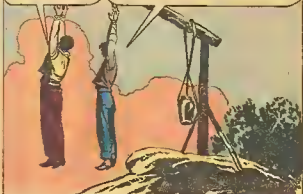
THINK OF A NEW PLAN,  
JAKE. THE LAST ONE  
DIDN'T WORK SO  
WELL.

THE HECK IT  
DIDN'T! WE  
FOUND THEIR  
HIDEOUT, DIDN'T  
WE?

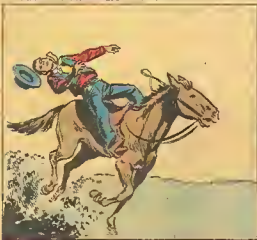


I WONDER IF  
THEY KNOW  
HOW MUCH  
TROUBLE  
THEY'RE IN?

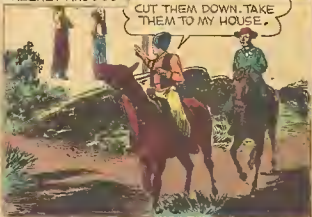
I HOPE TOBE DON'T SPARE  
HIS HORSE GOING BACK.  
EVEN IF HE RIDES HARD,  
IT'S GOING TO GET MIGHTY  
THIRSTY AROUND HERE.



BUT TOBE DIDN'T MAKE IT BACK TO  
RANGER HEADQUARTERS...



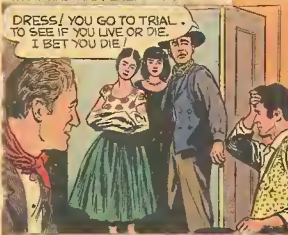
BEFORE LONG, REGRET FOUND RELIEF IN  
SENSELESSNESS. THEN PILAR CAME UP TO  
THE RANGERS, IMMEDIATELY RECOGNIZED  
REGRET AND...



CUT THEM DOWN. TAKE  
THEM TO MY HOUSE.

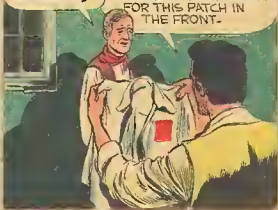
WHEN REGRET CAME TO, CUTTER EXPLAINED  
WHAT HAD HAPPENED. THEN...

DRESS! YOU GO TO TRIAL.  
TO SEE IF YOU LIVE OR DIE.  
I BET YOU DIE!



YOU WANT TO  
BET WITH THAT  
FELLOW,  
GAMBLER?

HE'S GOT ALL THE BEST  
OF IT, I'D SAY.. THIS  
SHIRT ISN'T BAD  
LOOKING.. IF IT WASN'T  
FOR THIS PATCH IN  
THE FRONT.



MATCHING PATCH IN THE BACK. BULLET WENT THROUGH THE ORIGINAL OWNER.

I DEFINITELY WON'T BET WITH THAT DARK GENTLEMAN.



A SHORT TIME LATER, THEY WERE BROUGHT BEFORE THE COMANCHERO LEADER... MR. GRAILE.

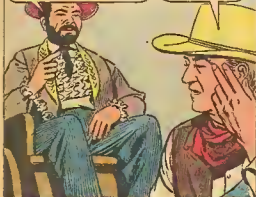
YOU TELL US YOU WILL BRING IN RIFLES WITHOUT FIRING PINS, TAKE OUT OUR MONEY, AND RETURN WITH MORE RIFLES AND THE FIRING PINS OF THE FIRST SHIPMENT. REALLY A WELL-THOUGHT OUT PLAN. YOU SAY YOUR NAME IS MCBAIN?

ED MCBAIN.



WE KNOW OF A MAN NAMED MCBAIN WHO KILLED A MAN OF OURS IN SWEETWATER.

YOU MEAN CROW... FELLOW WITH A HALF-SCALPED TOP KNOT?



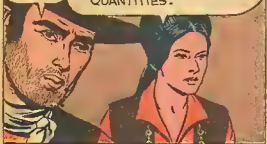
I AM NOT SURPRISED THAT CROW GOT HIMSELF KILLED. IF HIS OCCUPATION DIDN'T, HIS BAD MANNERS WOULD. NOW AS TO YOU... YOUR NAME IS PAUL REGRET?

THAT'S HIS NAME. HIS OCCUPATION IS GAMBLER.



I TOLD YOU, SIR... THAT IS THE MAN SHE WENT BACK TO SEARCH FOR.

HE LEFT NEW ORLEANS AFTER KILLING A MAN. THE OTHER MAN I DO NOT KNOW. BUT I SAY IT IS WISE TO DEAL WITH THEM. THEY OFFER A STEADY SUPPLY OF UP-TO-DATE WEAPONS INSTEAD OF THE OLD FASHIONED RIFLES WE BRING IN SMALL QUANTITIES.



WITH THAT, PILAR WALKED OUT. THEN...

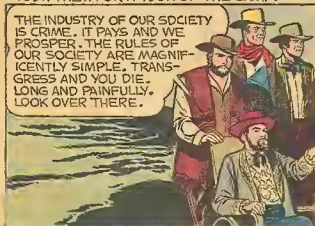
I TELL YOU SHE HAS A PERSONAL INTEREST IN THIS MAN. THAT IS WHY SHE URGES US TO DEAL WITH THEM.

YOU'RE A FOOL / I HAVE RAISED HER NEVER TO LET PERSONAL EMOTIONS GET IN THE WAY OF LOGIC. YOUR JEALOUSY IS APPARENT AND IS WARPING YOUR JUDGEMENT. THAT IS ALL!

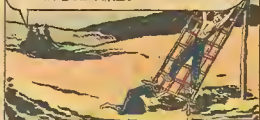


THE TRIAL ENDED WITH THE MASQUERADING RANGERS BEING ACCEPTED. THEN GRAILE TOOK THEM FOR A TOUR OF THE CAMP.

THE INDUSTRY OF OUR SOCIETY IS CRIME. IT PAYS AND WE PROSPER. THE RULES OF OUR SOCIETY ARE MAGNIFICENTLY SIMPLE. TRANSGRESS AND YOU DIE. LONG AND PAINFULLY. LOOK OVER THERE.



SOME CHINESE PHILOSOPHER SAID, "A PICTURE IS WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS." NOT A PRETTY PICTURE, IS IT? HE STOLE. WE, A SOCIETY OF THIEVES, CANNOT TOLERATE STEALING FROM EACH OTHER. YOU ARE ABOUT TO JOIN OUR SOCIETY, GENTLEMEN. TAKE A LONG LOOK AND DECIDE WHETHER OR NOT YOU WILL OBEY OUR RULES. I SHALL SEND FOR YOU IN DUE TIME.



REGRET WENT TO THE HOUSE TO REST. AS CUTTER WALKED ALONG, PILAR CAME UP TO HIM. . .

JUST WHAT *IS* YOUR BUSINESS

WELL, AT THE MOMENT I'M A GUN RUNNER. I'VE GOT ALL SORTS OF . . .



A LITTLE MORE THAN THREE WEEKS AGO YOU WERE A TEXAS RANGER. YOU WERE ON THE DOCK AT GALVESTON AND WORE A TEXAS RANGER'S STAR ON YOUR SHIRT. THE ONE THING A COMANCHERO NEVER FORGETS IS THE LOOK OF A RANGER.



THERE WAS A SUDDEN YELL FROM THE ENTIRE COMANCHERO CAMP. CUTTER AND PILAR LOOKED UP TOWARD THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAMP AND SAW . . .



REGRET JOINED CUTTER AS PILAR WENT TO HELP HER FATHER GREET IRON SHIRT.

SHE JUST TOLD ME SHE SAW ME ON THE GALVESTON DOCK... WEARING A RANGER STAR.

WE'D BETTER DRIFT DOWN TO THE CORRAL AND...

AND GRAB A COUPLE OF HORSES? HOW MUCH CHANCE YOU THINK WE'D HAVE TO MAKE THE TOP?... NO **MONSEWER**, WE SIT AND THINK. SHE KNOWS I'M A RANGER. BUT SHE CAN'T BELIEVE YOU ARE, BECAUSE THE FIRST TIME SHE SAW YOU, YOU WERE A CARO SHARP RUNNING AWAY FROM A MURDER CHARGE. SHE'S GOT TO FIGURE I'M FOOLING YOU, TOO. SO YOU LOOK REAL SURPRISED WHEN SHE TELLS YOU I'M THE LAW.

WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU?

THE GIRL HAS A PROBLEM. IF SHE POINTS HER FINGER AT ME AND HOLLERS "RANGER," OFF GOES YOUR HEAD TOO... BECAUSE THERE WOULD BE NO HOLDING THESE WILD MEN. AND SHE SEEMS TO PUT QUITE A VALUE ON YOU. SO, WHATEVER IS GOING TO HAPPEN TO ME IS GOING TO HAPPEN ON THE QUIET. SO WAIT A BIT.

MEANWHILE, THE WELCOMING CEREMONIES HAD GONE INTO DRINKING, SINGING AND DANCING. AFTER A WHILE...

CAN'T HANDLE THE STUFF.

WHO COULD? HE HAD A WHOLE JUG OF PAINT REMOVER WHILE WE'VE BEEN WATCHING.

AS THE PARTY ROSE PAST THE RANGERS, PILAR TURNED TO THEM AND...

COME ALONG.

YES... JOIN US AT DINNER.

WHILE THE DINNER WAS BEING READIED, PILAR JOINED THE RANGERS OUT ON THE TERRACE. SUDDENLY, SHE TURNED TO REGRET AND...

REGRET, YOUR FRIEND IS NOT WHAT HE SEEMS. HE IS...

I KNOW... A TEXAS RANGER.

CUTTER WAS HOPEFUL THAT REGRET WOULD MAINTAIN HIS FALSE IDENTITY.

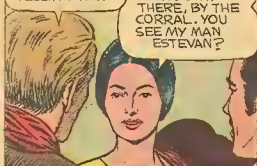
I TOLD HIM. DIDN'T SEEM ANY POINT NOW IN NOT TELLING HIM.

MR. MCBAIN.. OR WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS.. LOOK DOWN THERE, BY THE CORRAL. YOU SEE MY MAN ESTEVAN?

I SEE HIM.

I HAVE GIVEN HIM ORDERS. HE WILL WALK WITH YOU THROUGH THE CAMP. ON THE OTHER SIDE HE WILL PROVIDE YOU WITH A HORSE.

AND ESTEVAN LEAVES HIS BODY IN AN ARROYO.



YOU REFUSE TO ACCEPT MY PLAN? YOU TRY MY PATIENCE!

WELL NOW...

SHUT UP MCBAIN. PILAR, KEEP LOSING YOUR.. PATIENCE.. SO WE FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS NEXT!

PILAR WHIRLED ANGRILY AND WALKED AWAY.

MONSEWER YOU AIN'T LONG ON YOURSELF. THE LITTLE GIRL OFFERED ME A BETTER CHANCE THAN WE HAD A RIGHT TO EXPECT FROM HER.

NO CHANCE AT ALL!



REGRET TURNED AND WENT INTO PILAR'S ROOM. CUTTER STAYED OUTSIDE THE DOOR AND LISTENED.

YOU ARE MORE FOOL THAN I THOUGHT. I BEGIN TO BELIEVE YOU WERE NEVER FOOLED BY HIS MASQUERADE AS A GUN RUNNER.

I NEVER WAS. I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN HE WAS A RANGER. NOW LISTEN. IT'S PRETTY OBVIOUS YOU FEEL I'M SORT OF UNIQUE. YOU BACKTRACKED TRYING TO FIND ME. WELL I FEEL THE SAME WAY ABOUT YOU.

YOU SAY THIS. HOW DO I KNOW YOU ARE NOT LYING?

YOU DON'T. I GUESS EVERY TIME A MAN AND WOMAN TALK LIKE THIS TO EACH OTHER, NEITHER CAN **PROVE** THEY AREN'T BEING LIEO TO.... WHAT ALL THIS ADDS UP TO IS, I LOVE YOU. AND YOU HAVE NO WAY TO KNOW I'M **NOT** LYING. YOU BELIEVE, OR DON'T BELIEVE.



LATER, AS THEY WERE HAVING DINNER, THERE WAS A NOISE AT THE DOOR. AMELUNG CAME STRIDING IN AND ROLLED THE BODY OF TOBE OUT ON THE FLOOR.

HE WAS FOLLOWING THEM. THEY SIGNALLED BACK AND FORTH WITH MIRROR FLASHES.

A  
RANGER!



SUDDENLY, PILAR PULLED A DERRINGER FROM OUT OF NOWHERE AND SHOT AMELUNG.

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?

IT MEANS, PAPA, I HAD A CHOICE BETWEEN YOU AND PAUL REGRET. I CHOSE HIM.

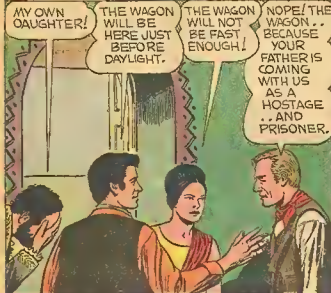


MY OWN DAUGHTER!

THE WAGON WILL BE HERE JUST BEFORE DAYLIGHT.

THE WAGON WILL NOT BE FAST ENOUGH!

NOPE! THE WAGON... BECAUSE YOUR FATHER IS COMING WITH US AS A HOSTAGE... AND PRISONER.



THE RANGERS TOOK RIFLES AND AMMUNITION FROM A GUN RACK NEARBY AND WENT OUT PAST THE SLEEPING COMANCHEROS AND INDIANS TO WHERE ESTEVAN WAITED WITH THE WAGON.

I ASK YOU TO ENDURE GREAT RISK, ESTEVAN.

THERE IS NO NEED TO ASK.

GRAILE, GIVE ONE YIP AND IT'LL BE YOUR LAST. NOW EASY, MONSEWER.



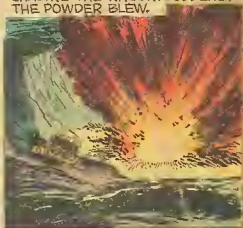
VERY CAREFULLY AND SLOWLY THEY STEERED THE WAGON SO AS NOT TO DISTURB THE SLEEPERS. SO INTENT WERE THEY ON THIS THAT THEY DID NOT NOTICE...



AS GRAILE SCREAMED, THE CAMP CAME ALIVE WITH A ROAR. REGRET LASHED THE HORSES UP THE STEEP SLOPE. CUTTER, MEANWHILE, WAS POURING SLUGS INTO THE POWDER SHACK ON THE FLOOR OF THE CANYON.



WITHIN SECONDS, THE CANYON WAS ALIVE WITH COMANCHEROS CHASING THE WAGON. SUDDENLY, THE POWDER BLEW.



AS THEY REACHED THE RIM OF THE CANYON, THEY WERE ATTACKED BY INDIANS. THEIR SITUATION WAS DESPERATE.

SUDDENLY, THE INDIANS STARTED TO SCATTER. CUTTER AND REGRET LOOKED UP TO SEE MAJOR HENRY LEADING A TROOP OF RANGERS TO THE RESCUE.



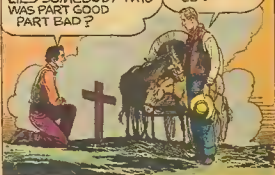
CUTTER AND REGRET TURNED TO PILAR, BUT SHE WAS DEAD. DURING THE RUNNING BATTLE, AN INDIAN ARROW FOUND IT'S MARK.



A SHORT TIME LATER...

I JUST PUT HER NAME. I THOUGHT I'D PUT SOMETHING ELSE... BUT WHAT?... HERE LIES SOMEBODY WHO WAS PART GOOD PART BAD?

THAT COULD BE A DESCRIPTION OF MOST OF US.





**THE COMANCHE** were buffalo-hunting Indians who roamed the southern plains of the United States from Kansas to Mexico. They were the most expert of all Indian horsemen.

The Comanche were the terror of early Texas ranchers. They would swoop down in the night . . . shooting, burning, stampeding horses and killing settlers.

They finally gave up warring on the whites and accepted a reservation in 1878. They quickly changed from fierce warriors into farmers and cattlemen. During World War I, two Comanche were often used to transmit messages by telephone. Their language, never written, was stronger to the Germans than any code.



# DAISY B•B GUN GIFT IDEAS!

Show this to Dad—Tell Him Name and Number of Model You Want!



**ANNOUNCING!**

## THE ALL-NEW DAISY B•B GUN "SPITTIN' IMAGE" of Famous 94 Winchester

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*"Rifle that  
Won the  
Golden West"*

No. 1894

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**SPECIAL  
TAKE-DOWN  
MODEL**



**Popular!**

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**NEW!**

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